

Paddy O'Rafferty.

To which is added,

32.

The BLACK DUCK,
The IRISH CUDGEL,
MORGAN RATTLER,
PADDY O'SLATERY.



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The IRISH CUDGEL.



WHEN Paddy the rake, from the country,
 Had just to the city come down,
 He met with a sporting young girl,
 Who shewed him the ways of the town;
 Her humours were winning and pleasing,
 And altogether as free,
 The toast of the town she told me,
 Was the humours of Cudgel for me.

The girls they all flocked round him,
 He gave them a musical song,
 In raptures those lasses were drown'd,
 He play'd on his cudgel so long;
 They still cried dear Paddy, sweet Paddy,
 Your music is so pleasant and free,
 I'd leave both my Mammy and Daddy,
 Your sporting brave Cudgel to see.

I took a trip over to London,
 They thought me all there to trepan.
 Here's Paddy come in with his Cudgel;
 Pray kind sir when did you land,
 But he kissed all the girls by dozens,
 And pleased them so well to a tee,
 That of all the music a going,
 The brave Irishman's Cudgel for me.

The Ladies that walk Covent Garden,
 For music they go to the play,
 But of all the Musicians a going,
 The Irishman he bears the sway,
 With himself and his Irish Cudgel,

The Irishman's Cudgel for me.

He courted a lady of honour,
Her age it was scarcely sixteen,
When she heard of his Irish Cudgel,
She believed that his music was keen,
She said, O Mama what shall become of me,
Oh! mama what shall I do,
There's no body coming to marry me,
The Irishman swears he will woo.

A young Lady posted from London,
In order brave paddy to see,
Still crying aloud I'm undone,
That they took my Paddy from me;
Five hundred a year you I'll give,
Sweet Paddy that shall be your fee,
Come home my dear heart with me live,
To your brave Irish Cudgel for me.

MORGAN RATTLER.

I'm a jolly young blade, a weaver by trade.

Among the young girls I'm a noted frolicker,
At every wake the young girls do speak,
Where comes the young blade they call Morgan
Rattler.

He sings on his loom like a thrush in the bloom,
At night with the girls he still is a flatterer,

They never seem coy, but tremble for joy,
When they get a taste of his Morgan Rattler.

It's late in the night I met my delight,
I brought her down street and gave her a bottle,

She never did frown when I laid her down,
And'd her a jig call'd Morgan Rattler.

Upon the highway I met a fair maid,
I laid her down and began to flatter her,

She bid me be quicker, I advanc'd with my tricker
And storm'd her town with my Morgan Rattler.

The brag of the spinner the lark and the linnet,
Of fiddle and pipes they are always a talking,

No music so rare could ever compare,
To the corrol and bells of sweet Morgan Rattler.

As for yellow Joan I declare it by oath,

She lives next door to Polly the prattler,

At night in the dark when she meets Paddy
Clarke,

She holds up her skin to his Morgan Rattler,

I brought her straight into a brandy shop,

I thought in my heart that a sup would soften her,

She did not seem shy, but held up her thigh,

Till he bellow'd her up with his Morgan Rattler.

With Edmond Burke Poll swore she would work

And in come Biddy and swore she would tatter her

Under the eve of the house as snug as a mouse,

Where he gave her the length of his Morgan
Rattler.

Nancy M'Avoy is all the whole joy,

'Tis of her gifts they always are prattling,

Let them never care, but to me repair,

And I'll soon let them know I have Morgan Rattler

At Sunday's Well it is known very well,

Round the ground the boys do flatter them,

The Pig under the Pot is quite forgot,

And all their delight is in Morgan Rattler.

I have now got a wife, the joy of my life,

At night in my hammock we sport and we frolic,

In her lottery book I wrote it for truth,

That the joy of her heart was my Morgan Rattler.

PADDY O'SLATTERY.

I HEAR people speak of Rattler's fame,

And of Darby Gallagher that rakish smatliker

But there is a man in Tralee town whose name I'll
unfold,

He is known by the name of brave Paddy
O'Slattery.

He's a butcher by trade and does all things
compleat,

Taverns and Play-houses he daily frequents Sir,
In all Ireland round there is no man to be found,

So admired by the Ladies as brave Paddy O'Slattery.

He is clever and stout and well built without
doubt,

He's the darling and soul of each maid that is
frolicksome.

His horse when he mounts he is a champion
allowed,

No man dare controul brave Paddy O'Slattery.

When he goes to the Lake to take the fresh air,

He is there entertained by the Ladies of fashion fir-

Purses of gold without regret they lay down,

To get a smack in the round from P. O'Slattery.

He from thence went to Cork and there took a
lodging.

In his breeches he had a pass for to pay off his
reckoning.

When they saw his proportion and size of his
foreman,

They swore he was the blade called brave Paddy
Slattery.

It was not long after when in comes a charmer

With a repeating regulator down by her side
hanging.

I'd give this in the bargain, and a hundred pounds
sterling.

For the lond of his Augur to brave Paddy Slattery.

He laid down this maid she was an English
blade,

And fell no as eager as a hero in battle Sir,
But soon she was confounded at the measure and
trouncing.

And tonering pounders of brave Paddy O'Slattery.

He lugged out his flute and played up a tune
for her,

That was more charming than a band of music,
Sir,

He played his part so well no man could excell,
The musical bells of brave Paddy O'Slattery.

When the job was over she called for some
porter,

And wine of all sorts for this brave frolicker,

With me if you'll come unto London town,

Gold shall be your portion my brave Paddy Slattery

I have travelled all towns in five nations round,

And had a recourse to a number of jolly tars,

But I can now safely say no man come the way,

Could touch the right vain out brave P. O'Slattery,

He took the other bout and made echo resound,

If the truth was told 'twas equal to sledging Sir,

The maids of the house they did run up and down

To hear the wonderful joulting of brave Paddy

O'Slattery.

There came women in crouds from all parts of
the town,

With silver and gold to bribe this brave frolicker,

Let none of ye doubt of his being so stout,

He will trash ye all round says the sweet English

Smaliker,

From Cork he repaired to Dublin straight,

He met Morgan there and Darby O'Gallagher,

When they saw his make they to each other said,

This must be that hero called Paddy O'Slattery.

He said I am the man and is come for to know,

Which of us three shall now gain the victory,

Then each said his Toss was admirable long,
Two inches odds of them measured brave Paddy
O'Slatery.

What country can boast of so noble a toast,
As this that affords so noted a frolicker,
That sure overthrows all that ventures to oppose
him,

And now lives at home in great splendour and jollity
Come fill up your bowls & drink a health round
And with an upho! to brave Paddy O'Slatery,
Battler allowed and Gallagher now owns,
That they were cut down by the Kerry smallicker.

PADDY O'RAFFERTY.

AS I went up to t' e fair of Drogheda,
Who should I meet but Dolly come straddle-
me,

She kindly saluted me and that very handsomely,
And who was I then but bold Paddy O'Rafferty.

Dolly went out and stood at the Lottery,
A guinea a throw says Dolly come-straddle-me,
She was not long there when she mounted the
straddle-pin,

Huzza, for Dolly, says Paddy O'Rafferty.

By this and by that and the leaves of an Ivy-tree
As sure as you're there she lov'd this young Rafferty
She pulled out her purse and that very handsomely,
Oh! you are my darling says Paddy O'Rafferty.

Here we begin at the top of our wickedness,
Shou sheen a rean a nought a ghuaghty,
She fell down and I fell a top of her,
Thoa wearnsón lower gur curr mea mou slack in thee.

As I was one day a going to Galway,
I met a fair maid and digging of Parsnips,

She fell down and lifted up one of them,
My darling young Paddy have you the length of
my Parsnip.

The BLACK DUCK.

AS I was going to Chatham Fair,
I met a maid I do declare,
Looking out of her window, Chorus,
She called to me as I pass'd by,
Young man step in your skill to try,
For I think you look most charming,
O that is true my dear said he,
I think you look as well as me,
And if in love we do agree,
To you I'll give a Fairing,

He lifted up her Holland smock,
And there he spy'd a young black Duck,
Without either wing or feather.

This duck it sure never gapes,
Only to those who gives it meat,
And so young men we'll good skill take,
And give to it a Fairing.

So now young man come try your luck
And prick it in her lottery book,
I think we'll feed her young Black Duck,
And give to it a Fairing.

It has a mouth but ne'er a nose,
Strong black hair and long it grows,
It has a snout and ne'er a nose,
It ne'er gapes but to those who give it a
Fairing, tol lo, &c.

